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AN ANTIQUE HARPSICORD.

THE moon shines down on the quaint old town
With its long embowered street,
Where the stately elms in double row
Upon the earth weird shadows throw
And aloft the branches meet.

The shadows fall on Rutledge Hall,
And beneath their kindly spell
The dingy columns look strong and true,
As in colony times they used to do,
'Ere the house of Rutledge fell.

In that far-gone day, the gossips say,
The old judge lived like a lord;
And from England he brought a treasure rare
For his slender Melise, with sun-lit hair—
A wonderful harpsichord.

For the slender Melise was a dainty dame,
In a white, high-waisted gown;
And her fingers sped o'er the ivory keys
While her foot peeped out in slippered ease
To press the pedal down.

On a summer's day, when her heart was gay,
She sang of the Stuart King,
Or lightly touched with many a trill
"The Musical Snuff Box," "Love Me Still,"
Or "The Song of the Golden Ring."

On a winter's night, when the hearth was bright,
And the eaves were dripping wet,
She sang to the Judge of Althea divine
Or demurely played for an officer fine,
"The Silver Minuet."

It is long years now since smile and bow
And courtesy and well-turned phrase
Greeted Melise in her white lawn gown,
As she smilingly laid her music down
And blushed at a gallant's praise.

The shadows fall on the lonely Hall
And a candle glimmers in vain
Through a mullioned window with feeble light,
While borne along through the silent night
Comes a quavering, faint refrain.

The dim old parlor is paneled and wide,
O'er the fireplace hangs a sword,
And hair-cloth chairs, in stately row,
Are reflecting the silver candle's glow
On an antique harpsichord.

The yellow keys have forgotten Melise
And the sweep of her wilful fingers,
But, tinkling and thin, they answer back
To the touch of a woman clad in black,
Whose gaze on a portrait lingers.

It is hanging there, in the candle's glare,
Framed in rococo style;
A maiden leans on a shepherd's crook,
Watching some lambs by a purple brook,
With a sweet abstracted smile.

The worn old spinster reflects that smile
With a pitiful, mute appeal,
As she faintly hums a time-worn tune,
And out through the shadows thrown by the moon
The strains of the harpsichord steal.

A wonderful range has the tune; 'tis strange
 How it echoes each passing mood;
 It can ripple along o'er the tinkling notes
 In a melody soft and low as floats
 From the elms by the night-wind wooed.

With a martial chord it can waken the sword
 That hangs on the paneled wall;
 Again the periwigged general comes
 To the shrilling of fife and the rumble of drums,
 And his spurs' loud clank in the hall.

But sadly to-night in the flickering light
 It murmurs a mute appeal;
 And the plaintive chords of a vague unrest,
 Of a hunger hid in a human breast,
 Through the mullioned windows steal.

'Tis a simple old tune, forgotten now,
 And the orchestra's thundering roll
 Has taken its place for modern ears,
 But still it lives in the smiles and tears
 Of a chaste and patient soul.

And the mighty melodies swelling high
 Through transepts of vaulted stone,
 Are not with a richer meaning stored
 Than the strains from that antique harpsichord,
 Where a woman plays alone.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

PINKS AND WHITE VIOLETS.

THE prima-donna was nervous, and little wonder that she should be. To-night she was to appear for the first time before an audience of her own countrymen. She had that same doubt of herself, that same desire to run away and hide, that same dread of the rows and rows of faces and glaring opera-glasses, that she had felt two years before in Paris.

Yet she knew how it would be. After those first few steps before the dazzling foot-lights, after that first half-hearted burst of welcoming applause, she would listen to

her own voice as if it belonged to someone else, until suddenly her heart would cease its frightened beating, and she would soar out on her own singing with a wild exhilaration, a sense of freedom and of power—the greatest joy that the mortal singer feels.

And she would win them, win them so that when she came before the curtain they would be her friends; her dear, dear friends. What an intoxicating delight it brings—the clapping of a thousand hands, the hurrying of the ushers down the aisles with great bouquets and wreathes of costly flowers, tributes paid a queen; for they were not only her friends, were they not her subjects? would she not move them all by one clear, liquid note? The prima-donna knew all this, and yet she was nervous, and her hand trembled a little as she clasped the jeweled bracelet on her slender, blue-veined wrist; her hair was loose and the *coiffeur* was weaving in and out amongst the golden strands, a string of pearls. She smiled slightly at her reflection in the glass.

Down below, the orchestra was tuning in the music-room. The man with the kettle-drums was testing his pitch and stopping the vibrations of the drum-heads with his fingers. The horns and violins were striking up little unfinished runs and trills. Then the ropes creaked slightly on the bridge in the scene-loft. The prima-donna smiled and said that it was like a wedding or an execution. All day long she had been thinking of herself; not as prima-donnas generally do, but of herself as she had been, as she might have been. It was all so strange. Eight years ago she was a shy little girl of seventeen in a half-village town that straggled along the Housatonic. How well she remembered it. The great elms that hung and drooped over the sidewalks, the great covered wooden bridge over the river—she remembered how it rumbled, like thunder, when the heavy teams from the quarry crossed it. She longed so much to see it all again.

When the prima-donna was in a reflective mood she always did one thing. She would open her little traveling

desk and take out a photograph and a well-worn, much-read letter. To-day, after her short morning rehearsal at the empty opera house, she had returned to her apartments at the great white hotel fronting the square, and opened the desk with a tiny silver key.

She knew that letter line for line, and word for word, and how well she knew that badly printed photograph! She placed them both on the window-sill and gazed out of the window.

There is no spot in New York that reminds one so much of Paris, or of the other continent at least, as this same square she gazed upon.

It was a beautiful day, with a crisp freshness in the air, and yet quite warm. In the park opposite, with its network of asphalt walks wandering through the still green turf, the sparrows twittered cheerfully in the bare trees. Some children were playing merrily about the empty fountain basin, and a gray-coated policeman was talking to a French nurse-maid, with long streamers of ribbon hanging from her cap. Brilliant equipages flashed up and down the avenue or joined in the hurly-burly of the mighty business thoroughfare, where they crossed at the corner.

The prima-donna noticed all this, and more too; she noticed that everybody seemed to be in a hurry, almost on the point of running; that the cabbies, lined up along the curb, talked good-naturedly together, and she could just see the edge of a large poster, announcing that she was to appear that night as Lucia.

Eight years ago she had left that little town on the Housatonic with her father, to study music under the best masters of Europe. Eight years ago! What an eventful stretch of time, and yet how short it seemed! Her father was dead, had drank himself to death. He never cared for her; she knew that well enough now. He had cared only for her voice and what it could bring him—money.

She picked up the letter and the photograph; a strong, manly hand, and a strong, young, manly face, with a high

forehead and curling hair. If she had only worn those flowers! she thought, but then she did not know—at least not until she had found that letter, long, long afterwards, among her father's papers. They had grown up together, although he was much older—five years older—the owner of the curling hair and honest, manly hand.

The prima-donna had recalled the whole story, the whole scene, this afternoon, and the square faded out of her sight. Once more she was in that town amongst the Berkshire hills. She was walking home with her silent, morose father, the organist. They had come from a rehearsal in the great memorial church, and, as they passed the town-folk on their way beneath the elms, although she was sad and troubled, she nodded and smiled as they greeted her in kindly fashion, but her father did not look up. People do not like a disappointed man, and he was one. Some said he had written an unsuccessful opera once, and then again, he drank.

He was a good, a brilliant organist, and the summer visitors would flock to the gray-stone church to hear the costly organ and the singing of that tall, slender girl in white; her voice, to cultured ears, meant promise of great things, how great they did not know.

She remembered the day that Gerald was to come home; someone had told her, otherwise she would not have known, and yet she had felt as if her heart would break. Why had he stopped writing to her so suddenly, and why did he not answer the two letters that she had sent him? The first letter with a playful reproach in it and pitiful little excuses for his neglect; she "supposed he was so busy he had not time perhaps." Then a letter that had a sob in it and a little blister where a tear had closed a sentence. She would not believe the things her father said of Gerald, and after he had opened his box at the post office—one of those boxes that lock up with a snap and need a key to open them—she would ask if there was anything for her, and when she received the gruff, curt answer, "What do you

expect?" she had said nothing, and at last stopped asking. She would never forget the last Sunday she spent at Carington, never.

As she had opened the gate at the end of the ill-kept path that led up to the dingy little house in which they lived, she noticed on the railing of the picket fence a fresh-plucked bunch of pinks and white violets, not very costly or very artistic in effect perhaps, but they were her favorite flowers; one of the scholars in the Sabbath-school had placed them there she thought, so she picked them up and walked with her silent father towards the church. The chimes were ringing, and her heart was beating just as fast. She was to sing that morning, and the rich city people from the hotels at Stoneridge and South Edgemont and the many country places round about, were driving into town in T carts with jangling chains and bright yellow buckboards. The gray-stone church, the gift of a rich widow to her husband's memory—she had married again—was near neighbor to a staid white meeting-house with green blinds and a badly-shingled, uncertain-looking steeple surmounted by a rusty, creaky arrow for a weather vane; the prima-donna remembered how she had wished she was to sing in there.

As she crossed the dusty street she thought she caught a glimpse of Gerald standing in the arched doorway of the massive gray-stone church. Just then the father said, "Xenia"—her name was Xenia—"throw away those flowers, they do not match your dress," and she had dropped them in the road.

Then came the service, that never to be forgotten service. As her clear young voice rose and floated out past the arches, people had held their breath in wonder as if an angel was singing, and yet some said that her voice had tears in all its liquid notes. As for herself, she had forgotten everything, the church, the golden, rosy light that streamed through the great wheel window in the apae, even the great organ behind her back; she saw nothing

but a figure with its arms folded and head bowed down. It was Gerald, and as she finished he turned; she could never forget the expression on his face. There was a flutter, almost like a sigh, that passed over the congregation as she sank to her seat behind the screening choir curtains and burst into silent weeping. Her father's reflection in the glass before him seemed to show triumph in its every line as he struck the grand final chords.

A tall, broad-shouldered man with long straight hair, tinged with iron gray, picked up his hat and left the church.

That night Gerald left for the distant city, and the tall man with the long hair dined at the dingy little cottage behind the picket fence. Two days later she was on the ocean, bound for Paris and her years of servitude.

Her father had kept back both her letters, and Gerald's, too—she knew that well enough when all too late—and Gerald had seen her throw away the flowers.

All this had gone through the prima-donna's mind after she had forgotten all about the square; then there was a knock on the door, and she had placed the letter over the picture in the little desk and had risen to meet her manager and an interviewing reporter. The day had passed and she had been driven in her closed carriage to the opera house and was in her dressing room.

The *coiffeur* had finished twining the string of pearls in her hair, but she was nervous and could not sit quietly in that bare, unfurnished place; despite the protests of the "General," as she called him, and tales of draughts and colds, she would take a peep at "the house"—prima-donnas are willful and always have their way—so she went down the stairway to the stage.

As she stood in "the tormentors," the first entrance, she could hear the ushers letting down the seats, and, as the curtain swayed gently, rushes of heated air swept back into the wing. From the open part of the house a confused murmur of conversation and now and then a laugh was

wafted in as the curtain swayed. The stage carpenters were noiselessly setting the drop scene.

The prima-donna gathered her chuddah about her bare white shoulders and approached the blackened peep-hole. At first she could not see clearly, and looked again. Then she turned very pale, her eyes looked strange, and her lips were white and trembled nervously.

"Could you send for a messenger?" she said, "and quickly, please; there's something I've forgotten." Her manager looked anxious, but she answered him, with a nervous, excited laugh, that "nothing was the matter, only some flowers she had forgotten."

When the messenger returned he brought back, in brown tissue paper, a bunch of pinks and white violets.

The curtain rose, and the opera began. She was dimly conscious of two things, the waving of the leader's baton and a tall figure, with folded arms, standing back in the shadow in the gay box on the stage tier. People wondered why Lucia should wear a bunch of violets and pinks.

She had won them. They said she sang with soul and feeling. She came before the curtain, leading the tenor by the hand, amidst the bravos and the wild applause. There was a glance exchanged between the tall figure in the box and the lady with the pinks and violets, a single glance, but it meant a flood of happiness.

When the prima-donna had wedded the well-to-do and rising young lawyer, Gerald Wilton, people wondered still more, and then forgot about it. Mrs. Wilton, in the garden of her beautiful summer home, along the Housatonic's banks, cultivates white violets. These and the pinks in the terrace above are still her favorite flowers.

JAMES BARNES.

THE DEAD PINE.

THE bleached limbs at its lofty crest
Are crownèd by an osprey's nest,
An earnest of decay;
For the wary pirate of the deep
Will never calm himself to sleep
Where the winds his eyrie sway.

HARRY C. HAVENS.

SATIRE AND SATIRISTS.

SATIRE had its birth before the beginning of history, when the world was still uncrowded, when life was rude but joyous, and man knew how to laugh deeply and truly as from the heart. At the time of the harvest and of the vintage the simple country-folk gathered to celebrate the bounties of the Gods of Nature with drinking of the rough, new wine and with clumsy, rollicking dancing. The song and the jest went round, and, mayhap, one more clever than the rest did the favorite jibes into crude verses. Such doggerel was the beginning of Satire. But that primitive satire, though direct and hard-hitting, had in its broad fun no bitterness. The spirit of the age would not brook such expression of personal enmity, which would have called forth the ever-ready weapon and transformed the peaceful gathering into one of strife and death. So in old Italy rose Satire, taking its name from the mixture of tidbits which made it a favorite dish with the people.

In the elder land of Greece there was a form of Satire—the comedy, as that of Aristophanes—which had grown into the political and social life of the wits of Athens.

In the north of Europe, too, our less lightsome Teutonic forefathers gave vent to the satiric instinct in their "nithing verses," which, as the name would indicate, had more of *malice* than the Southern satire.

It is the Roman satire, however, which, as the direct progenitor of modern European, and particularly English satire, claims our attention.

Ennius, the father of Latin poetry, had a vein of true satire, but it was left to Lucilius to give satire something of its later conventional form and to put it on a secure literary basis. Persius and Lucian, the brilliant epigrammatist Martial and others might be mentioned among the Latin satirists, but there are two Roman names which come up in the mind at the very thought of satire—Horace and Juvenal. So different in character and style, yet so closely allied in their fondness for the things of the past and their loyalty to their beloved Rome, however corrupt its present and however dark its future. Horace and Juvenal were the prototypes of all the satirists who came after them, and who consciously or unconsciously followed in the footsteps of either the Master of Ridicule or the Master of Invective. Horace, "the high priest of the devotees of *savoir-vivre*," living in the Golden Age when Rome, racked by the terrors of internecine strife, had taken the opiate of despotism, scarce realized the enervating forces sapping at the nation's life, but with his keen sense of the ludicrous, laughed in his charming, artificial verse at the absurdities and weaknesses of his world. But in all his satire there was neither personal hatred nor high-wrought indignation; he laughed at others and at himself with the same gay grace, fully conscious of the follies which were so pleasant to him and which he never sought to reform. He could make sport of the *parvenu* Nasidienus while accepting his patronage and his dinners.

Of another sort was Juvenal, the Master of Invective. Juvenal's Rome was Horace's, passed from folly to vice, and now, with blotched cheeks, bleared eyes and cruel, sensual mouth, the Mistress of the World was staggering to her downfall. To say that Juvenal saw a Nero and a Domitian wear the purple is enough. The need was a man who would dare stand forth among sycophants and cowards and strike society in the face, and with the need came the

man. This "big, brawny fighting man," with his masculine humor, his inexhaustible store of stinging epithets, and his boisterous, bitter laughter, showed Rome to herself in her pitiful plight.

While the world lasts, or at least until the dawn of the millennium, there will be satire, for it is founded on two constant quantities—the presence of follies and foibles in the individual and in society and "the natural desire to act the part of personal censor of others." The two kinds of satire appear at different times. Ridicule appears in time of peace, when everything runs by custom, when society is absorbed in the sordid race for gold or the bootless race for pleasure. But it is the transition period of religious reform, or of political upheaval, or the swelling rage of party strife that calls forth the more vehement satire of invective.

The satire of ridicule and humor is kindly, playful and mirth-provoking. Its thrusts are indirect and impersonal. It does not leave a bad taste in one's mouth. This form is best fitted for a fine literary setting, and Horace may claim as his followers in its use a Cervantes, a De Quincey, a Lamb and a Lowell.

Invective, the pungent, biting satire, may be either the fruit of righteous indignation, as in Beranger, "Piers Plowman" and Carlyle, or of personal malice, as too often in Pope, Swift and Poe.

Whether satire be voiced in the gentle notes of humor or the shrill billingsgate of invective, if it proceed from one gifted with the "satiric heart," it cannot fail to be wholesome.

Satire may be classified according to the several objects which it may have in view as well as according to its general tone. Viewing it from this standpoint, and omitting personal satire as unworthy, we find four forms clearly marked—social, political, literary and theological or religious.

The social satire is the first in historical order, and is the most natural and most abundant form. Finding its

material in everyday life, it touches everyone so nearly that it is deservedly popular. This was the classic form affected by Lucilius and his successors until it culminated in Juvenal's censorship of the manners and morals of contemporary society. Perhaps the finest example of this form in all literature is "Don Quixote," which dismissed the wornout chivalry in a storm of laughter. "Gulliver's Travels," DeQuincey's "Juggernaut of Social Life," and Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" satirized social life. In course of time fiction too became a vehicle of satire, and Dickens and Thackeray are notable satiric novelists. "The Gilded Age," by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, was a successful satire on American Society on its political side, and Colonel Sellers has become one of the immortals. A few years ago "The Bunting Ball," by an unknown author, created quite a stir in the society which it ridiculed.

From the "Peace" of Aristophanes to the last issues of *Puck* and *Judge* satire has been made the handmaid of political strife, now serving some bold opposition to a usurper or a courageous attack upon political iniquity and now soiling her hands with the mud-slinging of disgraceful partisan warfare. Beranger, the Burns of France, makes a venture against Napoleon. Gray in his "Beggar's Opera" mocks at the heaviness and stupidity of the Court of the first Georges.

Once more we must go back to Aristophanes. In "The Clouds" we find the beginning of literary satire. Joseph Hall transplanted it to English soil. The two most famous satires of this form are Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe" and Pope's "Dunciad." Though their satire is the weapon of a personal quarrel, the end achieved was in the interest of good literature. In the "Battle of the Books," Swift set in array against each other the ancient and modern learning. Young Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" gave voice to the deeply-felt resentment of a large part of the literary world against the domineering censorship of Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*. Since the very beginning

of literary criticism we find a vein of satire running through it.

Men differ just as widely and quarrel just as bitterly in matters of theology as in matters of politics. As a matter of fact those quarrels are more frequent and more exasperating. Just as sure as men quarrel they will try to say sharp things with tongue or pen. When the brain is large enough, when the tongue is keen enough, those sharp things become satire.

Rabelais, the ridiculous riddle of France, wrote in his broad but incoherent way against the corruption of the church. Before him a poor starveling clerk in England wrote "Piers Plowman," and in his bitter, truthful style sowed thoughts in men's brains which perchance ripened in the English Reformation. There was a great teacher whose parents' life had been blighted by priestly vows. That man was Erasmus, not a pronounced Reformer, not a fierce fighter like Luther, but a wit who worried the monks with his soft sarcasms, which passed from mouth to mouth through Europe. Dryden, unstable in religion as in politics, lauded Rome and satirized the Church of England and the Dissenters in the "Hind and the Panther." Swift threshed the same wheat with another flail in his "Tale of a Tub." The famous song of "Lilliburlero" whistled popery out of England. The need of to-day is a man of faith who will dare strip his creed of the accretions of duller days, and, standing forth as the champion of a simple Christianity, will meet with their own weapons the hosts of the unbelieving, who seem now the sole owners of satire.

The functions of satire may be regarded as corresponding to, though not co-incident with, the two great species. Ridicule usually has a reforming function, invective a controversial function. The former, like one of those mirrors which shorten or lengthen the visage of the beholder, shows a likeness of the thing satirized sufficiently truthful to be recognizable, but so distorted as to be utterly ridiculous. There is no surer way to reform than successful satire. Con-

vince society of the absurdity of a custom or a fashion or a belief, convince a people of the contemptibility of a ruler or a government or a law, or set the laugh going by mere infection if not conviction, and a revolution of thought or of government will follow inevitably.

Invective becomes the weapon of controversy, whether personal or representative. Personal satire has the recommendation of being dead in earnest and may be depended upon for finding and piercing the weak points of an opponent's armor. But in the hand of a master, filled with devotion to some cause of church or state, or fired by indignation against some flagrant injustice, invective will madden the opponent, will irritate a tyrant, will open the ears of the public to the grievances which cry for redress. An indirect but important function of satire is the preservation of a warm and vivid picture of life and manners for those that come after.

England has had three great satirists—Dryden, Pope and Swift, and many other writers, who produced more or less satire, but were not chiefly characterized by it.

Dryden wrote the finest political satire in the language, "Absalom and Achitophel," and one of the finest theological satires, the "Hind and the Panther." In the former the resemblance of Monmouth to Absalom was striking and gave the poem a power of reality. Whatever Dryden's position as a poet may be, he is undoubtedly a master of satire.

Pope, "the Wicked Wasp of Twickenham," doomed by a deformity which narrowed his mind and ate into his very heart, seemed to breathe satire. His devotion to the party of Bolingbroke and his own super-sensitiveness kept his pen constantly dipped in partisan or personal bitterness. His "Dunciad" pilloried his enemies in Grub Street and did real service to literature. He satirized the manners and people of his time, but not in the spirit of a reformer. "Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it," Pope had no faith in womankind. His satire is almost always venomous and frequently malodorous with the indecency of the age.

While we pity Pope, we must condemn him, and we are not sorry that there has been no second Pope.

Dean Swift, "the Lord of Irony," was perhaps the greatest of English satirists. His "Tale of a Tub," while not a polemic, was a theological satire of power. His "Gulliver's Travels" is the most wonderful of all satires of manners—first minifying then magnifying the vanities and weaknesses of society. Though he is often coarse, though traces of his later insanity appear in his works, we cannot deny Swift's power as a satirist.

Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" has already been mentioned. His "Don Juan" is the most complete and effective of modern social satires.

Burns, in his homely fashion, ventured more than once into the field of satire, and plucked many a bright flower of satiric verse.

Dickens, Thackeray and others have opened a new field for satire in fiction.

America has not produced a great satirist, though Saxe and Howells and Twain and Lowell have written more or less satire.

The need of satire to-day is too patent to require discussion. In this Age of Materialism, with its veneered religion, its hollow society, its debased politics, with a corrupt press as the creator of public opinion, with its crying wrongs unheard and unheeded, we need the bold, blistering words of a Juvenal to scorch the worship of Mammon and halt us in the mad race for wealth. God speed the day when he may come!

JAMES COWDEN MEYER.

THE NIGHT'S VIGIL.

"—Ah, well-a-day!
Sin hath its way,
And God's sweet will be done!"

I.

The gust flew high and cloudily,
The moonbeams fain would show;
The castle wall rose dark and tall
Above the drifting snow,
And the only light in the room that night
Burned flickeringly low.

II.

The babe nor stirred, and the mother heard
The wind in reel and rush,
And ever anon her eyes bent down
To the crimson fever-flush
With a loving care, and all the air
Was heavy with noiseless hush.

III.

Pale looked her cheek, and her brain grew weak
As the slow hours dragged away,
For she had sat on since break of dawn
With eyes on the babe, that lay
In the silent sleep that was all too deep—
And raised them but to pray.

IV.

The fire burned red and the mother's head
Drooped low and heavily,
And sudden it seemed as if she dreamed—
With the sick babe on her knee—
That she saw unroll on a giant scroll
His life that was to be.

V.

Now with smile, and in tears the while,
She saw each pictured year;
Dark and light, and dim and bright,

She saw them painted clear,
And it seemed she knew that the scroll was true,
Or brought it smile or tear.

VI.

And as it rolled, a great bell tolled—
Solemnly it tolled, and proud—
It seemed still against her will
That it tolled each year aloud,
As it would toll for her shriven soul
If she lay there in her shroud.

VII.

One stroke went by and the mother's eye
Was fixed tenderly,
For the picture there showed a baby fair,
Asleep on its nurse's knee,
'Neath the tender tune of a cradle-croon,
And the mother smiled to see.

VIII.

But 'ere the tone of the stroke was done,
The baby raised its head
Suddenly from the nurse's knee,
And the mother's smile was fled,
And a look of fear that was frozen there
Sat on her face instead.

IX.

For she saw in the eyes that were far too wise
A look she could not bear—
A sudden flame that went and came
Like the gold of his clustering hair ;
Like a poisoned dart it struck her heart,
For the mad Earl's eyes were there.

X.

She thought of the fight that waged that night,
Of that one last fearful cry,
When her seneschal at the turn of the hall
Had stabbed him passing by,
And she thought on the day when she dared not pray
For the look in the dead man's eye.

XI.

And the hate of him that had burned so dim
Blazed up like a smouldering coal,
Till in her ear she seemed to hear
The far-off, echoing toll
Of the funeral bell that pleased her well
When it rang for his lost soul.

XII.

But she prayed—till the scroll was gone from her soul
Like a cloud in a great wind's sweep,
And she saw, close-pressed to her mother breast,
Her babe in slumber deep,
And with sobbing cries she looked at its eyes,
But they were fast in sleep.

XIII.

Strong charm was there in the mother's prayer,
As she kissed a clinging curl;
But she ceased—and in, like a shadow of sin,
Rolled the cloud, and set in its whirl,
With a laugh of glee in their cruelty,
She saw those eyes of the Earl.

XIV.

Slow rolled the scroll and the mother's soul
Was filled with a nameless dread
Of the baby face with the father's grace
And the eyes that were like the dead.
With never a sound the page rolled round,
And the pictures grew tinged with red.

XV.

She saw him there, on the castle stair,
Scarce nine years had he seen;
A starling swung in its prison hung
Where the sun-light shifted in,
And he tortured the bird, whose song he heard,
And put out its eyes with a pin.

XVI.

While the poor, dumb thing, with a broken wing,
Beat at its gilded door,
The pictured child looked on and smiled—

But the starling sang no more—
Then he spitted the bird on a red-hot sword
And flung it dead on the floor.

XVII.

The scroll shook fast as a sudden blast
Would shake a sail in furl,
And she would have prayed had her lips obeyed,
But trembled like a girl,
For he turned his face with an angel's grace
And she saw the eyes of the Earl.

XVIII.

Slow, fold on fold, the scroll unrolled,
Until her sight grew dim,
As she saw his eyes grow tenderwise
Like the eyes of cherubim,
And felt a dread of the father dead
In the eyes that looked like *him*!

XIX.

Ever and aye, as the days went by
(For she took no note of time),
She saw, laid bare, 'neath a face so fair,
His soul that was black with crime;
And never a word from his lips she heard
In that hideous pantomime.

XX.

The pictures rolled, a score was tolled;
She saw his crouching form,
And murder lay in his features' play
And in his lifted arm,
And her agony forced out a cry
Of horror and alarm.

XXI.

Quick, with the sound, he turned him 'round,
And smote her with his eye,
While the steadfast look to the mother spoke,
Albeit silently.
It said, "Thy crime was for all time—
It falleth unto me."

XXII.

"And canst thou stand at God's right hand
 To answer at His throne,
 When the passion-light in my eye is bright
 With the hate that was thine own—
 When these deeds of wrong and crime have sprung
 From the seed thyself hast sown?"

XXIII.

And it did seem that in her dream,
 To stay the shining brand,
 To ward the blow on his prostrate foe,
 She clung to his lifted hand,
 And her fingers, I wist, they grasped his wrist
 With a grasp like a steel band.

XXIV.

O, Christ, the Son! All deeds are done
 Within Thy good behest,
 And all things, even the angels in Heaven,
 Thy holiness attest.
 O, Christ, we bow to Thee, for Thou
 Who willest, knowest best.

XXV.

The dawn had broke when the mother woke;
 The sun's rays seemed to float
 From sea-cliff tall to castle-wall,
 And glinted on the moat.
 But the babe on her knee lay quietly,
 With blue marks on its throat.

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

KARASTA BESIDA.

I AM happy. I am sailing back to my dear country. I
 will see my old father, and my old mother, and my little
 brother Fridolf, and all my dear friends, and they will all be
 glad to see me. Have I not reason to be happy? I have
 not seen them for ten years—not since I left Sweden,
 a little boy almost, and how green! I am old now;

not many people know more than I do, not Swede people anyhow. If it was not so I would not have so much money, and I would be a steerage passenger, like when I came over, and not a cabin passenger—and smoke cigars, too.

But when I first came over I was not so smart. People cheated me, I guess, I knew no better. But I did not mind plowing the beautiful black earth of the prairie, as long as I could put by some money every week to save for—never mind what, and as long as I got my two letters every month from home—no, both were not from home, that is a joke, one was from *Besida*—ah! I will tell you of her.

She it was that I used to call "*Kärasta*," as the Americans say "sweet-heart," and I used to skate with her on the fiord in the old country. I can hear her little skates now, as they rang on the still, frosty air, so clear, and her laugh, too, so merry, while she, rosy with cold, would glide and wheel about, showing her ankles just a little bit.

Besida and I won the race at the *Kisjmajl*, so well did we two skate. The judges at the *Kisjmajl* always said to the couple that won the race, "you two should all the time be together, as you proceed so well with one another."

Our friends said we looked well. *Besida* had two long yellow plaits of hair tied with ribbons, blue like her eyes, which flew straight out behind when we sailed over the smooth ice; and sometimes they would tangle up with my white and blue scarf, and we would laugh, and her warm breath would strike my cold cheek and then float away like mist.

But most of all I liked to think of her as she sang, like an angel, in church on the Sabbath, having on her white dress, which looked pale beside her red cheeks, and I sang beside her, for I am a good singer too.

Of all these things I thought, when early in the morning, I sang as I walked to the fields, and looked way out on the prairie where the bright sun was peeping up kindly at me, seeming to say as it shone upon my bare chest, "She is all right. I have been watching her."

When the people saw me coming into town they used to say, "Here comes Nels to get his letter from his girl;" and I used to answer them, "Yea, she is my girl, and I love her, and some day"—but I would not let them have the rest. At that they would laugh as though it was a joke, and I would join in the laughter, but my cheek would burn red like my beard. But I was not ashamed. And then I would sing all the way home, the same songs we used to sing together, but I would not open my letters until I was safely alone in my own room.

One Saturday when I came in for my letter it had not come, nor did it come upon the Monday, nor upon the next day, and I was so sorry, but I did not despair. I said "the steamer is delayed by the weather."

When the people saw how I neglected my work to come into town every day, and that I returned with more sorrow than I came, they began one day to tease me. "For shame, Nels, to take on so," and I did feel ashamed. "Your girl has forgotten you; she is like all others."

This last I would not stand, and I was angry, and struck Will Cussick upon the mouth.

In a few days I got my letter, as I knew I would, and I went to the man I had knocked down and I said, "Friend, I am sorry I knocked you down."

My letter was well worth waiting for. She had saved it up as a surprise for me. Wonders had happened. Besida had become a great singer, and was now traveling on the continent. Wasn't that wonderful?—and then was coming right off to America with other singers too, wasn't that good? She said she would be so joyful when she saw me again. Wasn't I happy now? Wasn't I glad I had saved up so much money?

Well, by-and-by—it seemed long, but it wasn't—I got another letter, and she said she would be out to Chicago in the spring.

Well, I was so glad because she was in America that I could not wait. I said, "I will go east and surprise her."

So I started for New York—yes, I did, and all the way I thought to myself, “How happy I am. I am going to see Besida—is it really true?—and when I see her, what shall I do? I shall not pinch her arm as I used to, oh no! But I will tell her something.”

And when I got to the big city there was Castle Garden, just the same. And I saw lots of people, but I could not find Besida. I walked on the streets, but I did not see her, and the people laughed because I looked so happy, and I laughed too. I did not mind. I was going to see Besida.

Pretty soon I saw a show-bill, and it said, “Swedish Nightingale.” I could not wait until evening, but went right off to the theatre.

When I tried to go in, a man with a silk hat asked me what business I had there; and I asked him, “Is Besida here?” And he told me yes, she was; and I was glad.

“But her name,” I said “is not on the bills. Why is that?”

“Oh, she has changed her name,” he said.

“Oh, I don’t think I knew that.” I was awfully surprised.

“What have you to do with Besida, young fellow?” he said, curling his mustache.

“Why, I love her. She is my girl,” I answered.

When I said this, he took off his hat and laughed like everything, and said:

“Well, old man, you’re in hard luck. She’s *my* girl now.”

I was mad, and I said to myself: “Shall I knock him down? No, I shall not, for he is hers,” I said.

He was awfully good-looking, but still I felt, oh, so sorry. “But,” I thought, “he must be a fine man if she likes him.” So I gave him some of my cigars.

Then he was more kind, and he talked to me, and told me that Besida and all the company were in trouble now, because they did not have enough money to pay their hotel bills; and they could not give a concert that evening—the

hotel man was going to take their trunks, and they did not know what they were going to do.

I thought this funny when the man had such big diamonds.

Then I thought a long time, and pretty soon I went up to the hotel where the man told me, and then I talked to the hotel man.

And when I left I felt happy, and I said to myself, "That is all right. I still have plenty of the money. That was Besida's share. I am happy. I will go back to my dear country, and will see all my dear friends; and she is happy, too. So that is all right. And I am glad I did not tell Besida what I came for, because she is so tender-hearted she would be so sorry that I am disappointed."

But I thought it would be pretty nice if I could just see her before I left America. So I went around to the theatre again.

They said it was a small one, but it was big and lovely. It was dark and still; no one was there yet. And the man with the silk hat was very kind to me, and he took me to one of those little rooms near the stage. It was a good place, because I could hide so that Besida could not see me. It had a great many curtains, and it was very beautiful.

Pretty soon many people came in, and then the curtain went up, and there were twelve singers. And right in the midst of them, prettier than all, was—who do you think? Yes, Besida, more beautiful than ever, and singing like a bird. Ah!

I put out the gas in my little room and sat back for fear she would see me.

Pretty soon they all kept quiet and Besida began to sing alone. Guess what she sang! "When I behold thee," only in Swedish—much prettier than in English—the very same that we used to sing together in the old country. How beautiful! How wonderful! And how shy and pretty she looked as she stood there with her white throat throbbing with the notes! My eyes could not stand it. I shut them, and forgot everything but the sound of her voice, and it

took me back to the old country. It seemed to me that I was at her side again, and when she came to the part in the song where the girl is answered—I just couldn't help it—I burst right in with my loud voice, and answered as I used to. Wasn't that funny? And all the singers looked up surprised, and the people in the seats looked as if they did not know what to think, and I drew the curtains quickly so that they could not see me, I was so ashamed.

Now, what do you think happened? Why pretty soon I heard some one running up the steps, then the curtains rustled, and there behind me, with her hands parting the curtains, was my—was Besida. Didn't I jump up from my chair though? Then she reached up and put her soft, warm arms around my neck—I had to stoop over a little bit—and she kissed me on the forehead, so sweet; and all she said was, "How tall you've grown, Nels."

"How beautiful you've grown, Besida!" I could not help saying.

"Do you say so, Nels?" she answered, folding her arms. "Haven't you found others more beautiful than Besida here in America?"

"Oh, Besida!" I could only say.

Then we looked at each other, Besida blushing and I feeling very much ashamed. Right soon I said, "I am glad you are happy."

"I *am* happy now, Nels," she said, blushing still more.

"Yes," I said, but it was hard to say it, "I think he is good looking, and nice, and—"

"Who is, Nels?"

"You have changed your name," I said.

"Of course; all singers do, foolish Nels."

I felt like a big fool.

Then she said, looking down, "Nels, I think we understand each other."

"Besida, I think we do now."

And then we sat down close together, and listened to the music, with the curtains still drawn. That is all there was to it. Besida was happy, and wasn't I, though?

Now I am going aft to see her—my Besida.
I did not tell you that she was with me on the steamer,
did I? That was a joke of mine.

JESSE L. WILLIAMS.

STAMPEDE.

THE cattle rest on the dew-soaked ground,
There's a hush in the air—not a single sound,
Save the champ of the herds' cud-chewing.

But saddle your ponies, let each prepare
To ride for life, though the night seems fair—
In the sky there is trouble brewing.

A quiver of light from that inky cloud,
A rumble of thunder, clear and loud.
'Tis a night we may all be rueing.

The herd, with a lurch of each heavy flank,
Stands like an army, rank on rank.
Boys, we must up and be doing!

Stampede's in the air, stampede's in the herd,
So silently mount ye without a word.
In the sky there is trouble brewing.

When the storm will burst with its rain and hail,
Never mind if the tenderfoot's face is pale.
'Tis a night we may all be rueing.

When they start, ride straight, ride straight ahead!
Through the sea of horns when the eyes flash red.
Boys, we must up and be doing!

Turn the leaders, turn them! ride them 'round
In a thundering circle, and on the ground
They will rest in the morn cud-chewing.

JAMES BARNES.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE WHITE BOX.—The night wind was sharp and gusty, and when it blew through the leafless, shivering boughs of the old tree whose topmost branches peep in saucily at my window in summer time, I could hear them creak as if resentful of Winter's action in first stripping them of their covering, and then sending the icy blast to numb them and chill their very sap.

So I drew the heavy curtains over the rattling window-panes to shut out the cheerless sweep and moan of the wind outside, and with the tingeing blush that the fire threw around the room as my only light, nestled in my easy chair—mute confidant of a thousand reveries—I settled myself for a short while's lazy enjoyment. But just as I found a comfortable position my eye rested on something which seemed to peer at me out of the shadow enveloping the patient mantelshelf, whereon "occurred," as Oscar Wilde would say, a chaotic assemblage of knick-knacks and odds-and-ends.

The object was a small white card-board box with a gilt monogram in the upper corner of the cover, and tied with a narrow band of white satin.

A friend had given me the box and the piece of wedding cake it contained, with the injunction: "Eat the cake and dream on it!"

I reached up, took the box down, and untied the ribbon (which, by the way, I have kept for that friend's sake and good luck), and reverently lifting from its dainty resting place the fragrant mass of I know not what ingredients, mechanically—or thoughtfully, perhaps—in the dull red twilight of the glowing fire, I slowly lessened its size until at length not a crumb remained.

So much for the first part of my kind friend's injunction. As for the second part—I had heard that dreams following the consumption of rich cake were apt to be of a restless character. Being blessed, however, with that *sine quâ non* of an enjoyable life—a cast-iron digestion—I was not in any way perturbed, but allowed my imagination to lead me whither it would. And influenced by the hymeneal associations of that little piece of cake, it shaped for me in the rosy coals the arches and columns of a church—the church of my school-days. And as I recognized its filmy outlines, a flood of memories of bygone Sunday evenings came over me; for we had to go to church twice a day then, and the evening service always was my favorite. I remembered the bustle and hurry in the great school-room when the first bell for church tolled; the polishing of shoes; the smoothing of hair; the brushing of hats and coats; the donning of gloves worn only on Sundays, and then by compulsion; the lining up two and two when the second bell tolled; the march down the dark, high-hedged country lane, at the end of which one caught a glimpse of lighted Gothic windows, and, when a door swung open to admit a worshiper, of a warm-looking church interior. I recollected the quickening sensation of pride, how our shoulders were squared and our heads erect, as we filed into our seats, and our steps clattering on the marble-tiled floor caused us to become the observed of all observers.

And I remembered the soft melody of the old song, and the monotonous voice of the clergyman as, in surplice and scarlet hood, he intoned the evening prayer and afterward preached to the darkened church—for it was customary for the sexton, the village postman, to turn the gas down low during the sermon. The dim light well befitted the peacefulness and solemnity of the hour; and even now I fancied myself once more kneeling in the straight-backed pew, at the end of the service, gazing through the carved bronze screen that shut off the chancel, to watch the white-haired

vicar spread forth his hands, and from the altar steps dismiss us with an evening blessing—and then—the deep long hush.

This all memory recalled; but as I saw it now in the coils the scene was brilliantly lighted for a wedding; another effect of that cake! I almost saw the expectant faces of the assembled company, almost bethought me of sunny Spain and of her golden-fruited groves when in my fancy the bride, crowned with orange blossoms, passed down the rose-strewn aisle. But just as the organ began to peal forth some thrillingly triumphant march, under the soporific effect of my general surroundings I fell asleep; and who blames me? Reader, hast thou never wandered from the fairyland of silent meditation into that vague realm where death's kinder brother reigns, weaving those shadowy, transient tapestries of life, now weird or fantastic, now gay, and sometimes sad—tapestries in which, by some strange power, we oftentimes see ourselves, and laugh or weep at our own adventures, and then waking on a sudden, find the smile still on our lips or the tear yet moistening our cheek? I slept, and this is what I dreamed.

Clothed with the Siegfried mantle of invisibility, I stood at night time in a terraced garden that sloped in banks, down to the shore of what appeared to be a bay. Beyond, in the distance were twinkling lights, and others that were steady, and there was the dull murmur that bespoke the presence of a city across the water. The spot was not unromantic, for from one of the fishing boats that were anchored black and bare around the end of the wooden pier a hundred yards away, came softened by its travel on the evening air the sound of an old, old song, in full rich voice, sung probably by some hearty skipper, who thought of the wife and bairns sleeping in the cottage on the hillside, as with his mates he prepared the nets and tackle for an early departure next morning; the night was fair and fishing would be good outside the bay.

And the lapping ripple of the little waves as they rose and fell on the firm damp sand of the beach, mingled with

and sometimes outsounded the fisherman's song. Moreover, as I have said, it was night, and the hour was near when the stars are said to weep, and, too, the moon was slowly rising to the zenith, and what spot on earth can be unromantic when silver-locked Luna smiles upon it?

In the garden between two low-boughed trees was hung a hammock, and in the hammock sat, or lounged, as you will, a young girl; on her lap lay a mandolin, with whose strings her fingers toyed incessantly. Against the white background of her skirt I saw the clear-cut outline of a small foot as it pressed the turf at regular intervals and kept the hammock gently swinging. On the grass, quite close by, was seated a companion of the other sex, as was most natural. The faces of neither were distinguishable, for they were in the shadow, but once the hammock, swinging a trifle further than usual, crossed a stray moon-beam's path, and as the ray of light fell athwart the maiden's head, it seemed as if her hair was amber shot with gold and her cheek as delicately colored as a pale spring flower.

"You *must* leave to-morrow?" she was saying, "and why?"

"Because, well—I—" he paused hesitatingly, and then ended, "because I *must*!" and laughed abruptly.

"That's hardly an answer, Harold! Think again, and tell me why you *must* go. Aren't you having a pleasant vacation?"

"Yes, yes," he replied impatiently, "pleasant enough—too pleasant! But, Edith, to speak plainly, I'm hanged if I can keep up the farce any longer. I can't keep my promise of a platonic friendship with you. I don't believe in it anyhow; it's not practical! If I stay I shall break my word, and so I'm going. That's my reason for leaving this place and—you," he added in an undertone.

But she heard him. The little foot was tapping the ground somewhat nervously I thought, and the hammock swung by jerks. The singing had ceased on the boat, and for a moment the distant murmur was unheard. The lap-

ping of the water was the only sound audible. Overhead the moon had risen higher and was shining almost on the hammock. Soon, methought, I will be able to see the fair unknown's face.

"And that is your reason? How selfish you men are! What shall I do without you? Can't you, won't you reconsider, Harold?" and there was a shade of regret, or something else, in her tone that made him look up, but he replied quietly:

"I can't, under the circumstances; the conditions of our friendship drive me away. I *must* go. This is my last night here, so let's talk about something more pleasant, or else go in."

The hammock had been swinging more and more slowly, and now was almost still. There was a pause, and then she said softly—I could just catch the words:

"And if I cancel those conditions, will you stay, Harold?"

He sat up eagerly, and looked at her as if puzzled. Then something seemed to dawn on him, for he took the hand that lay lightly on the mandolin, and the hammock stopped in its swing.

"Edith, what do you mean? Tell me, Edith!"

"This!" she answered simply, and just then the moon rose clear above the trees, and I saw the girl lean forward and bend down her golden head until her lips—

At that moment there was a crash, and I awoke. I felt sure the hammock had collapsed, but no; the white cardboard box had fallen from my knees to the brick-paved hearth; that was all!

I arose, yawned, rubbed my eyes and shook myself, and then, lighting a lamp, sat down at the table and studied the next lesson in physics.

Such is life—dreams, fairy castles in the air, and then, suddenly, the muddy streets of everyday existence.—*V. Lansing Collins.*

SPANISH SONG.

Pure and sweet as the Aura*
When it kisses the rivulet's bosom.
Clear as the rainbow in Heaven!
Light shadowed pearl of the deep!

Thy mouth is like precious coral
Which the poppy sees only to envy.
Who can behold thee afar
And fail to offer thee love?

—José Romero.

* A tropical flower.

WORDS, WORDS.—If one could garner all those clever sayings, flashes of wit and trenchant anecdotes that have fallen from the lips of a single man, he could make that man live and act between the two covers of a book; and a huge octavo volume would not portray the individual more exactly or with nearly so much interest as such a bizarre little book.

Play the spectator for one evening among a group of talkers, and you will see a miniature drama, minus a plot, it is true, but making up the deficiency with very strong characterization.

In some circles there is one "chief haranguer." He knows he is the leading talker of this little assembly and possesses no awkward reticence. Aggressiveness characterizes his every word, and, though he does monopolize the conversation, the rest are generally satisfied. And yet, in spite of his failure to eliminate his I's, he is generally the most interesting of the varied company.

Allied to this type is *Monsieur Raconteur*. To those who are initiated into the subtle mysteries of this order, the only requisites are a good memory and a certain fearlessness of expression. People have become famous by adopting this

brief creed: "I solemnly believe in the retailing of other men's stories, and will practice the same at every opportunity." Though the method is artificial, and the talk not spontaneous, yet in general conversation *Monsieur Raconteur* is a success, and, when he adds to this the art of a mimic or an actor, is positively indispensable. That quizzical smile which he assumes when making a telling point, is always more contagious than the story itself. The sly way of imitating a person and bringing him before your eyes, in all his grotesque eccentricities, until the clever parody is complete.

Then there is the man whose wit is only capable of pointing a finger and exploding in senseless laughter at a far better man than he, and yet he is forever seeking a victim for the keen point of his wit. Frequently this man has something of the buffoon in him, can imitate all the antics of a clown, has the Irish brogue, the negro's laugh, the Yankee whine, and all dialects *promptum in lingua*. He is full of tricks and inane chatter, in fact, is "bottled effervescency." He will do the fool to perfection for the slender pittance of a laugh. We find the first edition of him in the Philip of Xenophon's Feast. Only he represented that animal with a pinched face and a long tail for a more substantial pay—his dinner. The representatives of this type require a crowd of listeners. "They who have been great talkers in company have never been any talkers by themselves." So say the French, the most talkative of nations.

There is another type more pleasant to regard than this. He whose hearty nature shows itself in eye, mouth, voice and gesture; whose talk can cheer you if you are beset with trials, and who can make the bluest hypochondriac look on his misfortunes as one huge joke. He has so much to say that he can easily dispense with some of it. He is no vacuum however, like his predecessor, but full of life and spirits. Dick Steel and Charles Lamb, and possibly our genial "Autocrat," are described as such gay talkers. Their talk ripples straight from their hearts; never taking

the trouble to analyze and dissect their ideas before presenting them, they merely think aloud.

There is another talker, or listener rather, who is quite a *rara avis*. But we have generally one of them in every company, "He who seldom speaks and with one calm, well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious." A nonchalant air usually hovers about him, but when he puts it aside long enough to announce some caustic truth we see that it is not a mask for weakness, but a husbanding of every energy.

He "follows the stream of conversation as an angler follows the winding of a brook, not dallying where he fails to kill." He knows the golden value of silence, in listening, for in that lies the skill of conversation. Such a talker conveys the impression that he sees you through and through and knows when you are *acting* and when *being*. The cynical veneer occasionally wins him two or three satellites, whom, however, he keeps revolving at a respectable distance.

Perhaps the most familiar type of all is exemplified in the man who "thoroughly believes in talking" for the innate pleasure in it and for the good one can get from it. He will trip you on philosophy, demonstrate the workings of a modern invention, and the next moment be ready to do battle for Free Will, Free Silver or Free License. He is ever ready with a clearly defined view on any topic you may mention. Not capable of forcing a theory to its ultimate conclusion, or *désirous* of being too tediously exact, he thinks that "natural talk, like ploughing, should turn up a large surface of life, rather than dig mines into geological strata." Our versatile talker would have "conversational clubs," for he deems conversation an art to be cultivated.

There exist such clubs in London and it must have been in one of them that the hero of which the following is a description, learned his art. He was an ideal talker, and says one of his admirers: "I know not which is more

remarkable, the insane lucidity of his conclusions, the humorous eloquence of his language, or his power of method, bringing the whole of life into the focus of the subject treated, mixing the conversational salad like a drunken god. He doubles like the serpent, changes and flashes like the shaken kaleidoscope, transmigrates bodily into the views of others, and so, in the twinkling of an eye and with heady rapture, turns questions inside out and flings them empty before you on the ground, like a triumphant conjurer."

Some say conversation is a lost art, but those who say so are either mindful of their own failings in the art, which lead them to deny its existence in others, or are devotees of the God of speech, exceptionally good talkers and in hopeless quest of one like themselves. We have now no celebrated wits as in the days of Addison and Swift, or conversation as resplendent as that found in the French *salon* where Madame de Stael was the presiding genius. Then, the hard and unnatural brilliancy was always striven for; they were straining for an *effect*, while the latter-day course is to speak naturally and spontaneously. On the other hand, there are so many able men, in this age of the world, who can take a high plane of conversation, which makes really good discourse less apparent than when a few conversationalists stood out head and shoulders above the rest.

Let every one do his share of talking, then, for "as we must account for every idle word, so must we account for every idle silence."—*R. D. Small.*

BALLADE OF AGE AND YOUTH.

When life's few pleasures begin to wane,
And the care-full years fly by apace,
When naught but the wild-oat tares remain,
Then gray-beard coldness may find a place;

But while we are new to life's galling trace,
And the world seems fair, however uncouth,
When we laugh the while in Aphrodite's face,
Ah, then is the time for the warmth of Youth!

When old King Love has lost his reign,
And the heart has grown stern in the bitter race,
And thinks of its past with a harsh disdain,
Then gray-beard coldness may find a place;
But, while we may flee, for a little space,
From the world, and rest in the arms of Ruth,
Forgetting care in her soft embrace,
Ah, then is the time for the warmth of Youth!

L'ENVOI.

When we are bowed down by Time's heavy mace,
Then gray-beard coldness may find a place;
But, while we may tryst in Don Cupid's booth,
Ah, then is the time for the warmth of Youth!

—Burton Egbert Stevenson.

EDITORIAL.

THE following men have been elected from the Class of '92 to positions on the Board for the year 1891-'92: Managing Editors, H. F. Covington and J. Westervelt; Editors, C. P. Butler, V. L. Collins, C. I. Truby and J. L. Williams. The Class of '92 has shown its appreciation of LIT. positions by a spirited and able contest, and we turn the keys over to our successors with the fullest assurance that under their care the LIT. will continue to hold the place conceded to it by the general consent of exchanges as the first among college periodicals.

OUR thanks are extended to Messrs. MacCrellich & Quigley, our printers, for their excellent work. Barring the delays of two or three issues, their conduct of the printing has been admirable.

THE Treasurer is ready to receive unpaid subscriptions. They may be left at his room, No. 6 E. M. W., or addressed to Mr. G. B. Agnew, Princeton, N. J. An immediate settlement will be appreciated.

A LOOK BACKWARD.

WITH this issue the present editorial board lays down its much-worn quill, gathers up its possessions and departs. A hasty review before we disband will serve to clinch the innovations which have already justified themselves beyond question. The "Contributors' Club" was a

pure venture. Its design was to open a department for shorter literary productions and thus to preserve many excellent little sketches, whose brevity forbade their insertion in the regular department. The success has been marked. Words of commendation have come not only from the college at large, but from many of our exchanges, the latter warmly expressing their appreciation of this new feature in college journalism. We do not credit ourselves with this success. The unstinted sympathy of the college and the coöperation of our contributors have been its only guaranty.

The character of the regular literary department has undergone a slight transformation. We have taken the course of the larger periodicals as our guide, and have given the preference to contributions of a lighter fibre, much more compatible with the professions of a college magazine.

The "Gossip," we believe, has returned to its original conception. Its former literary cast has been abandoned. Our aim has been to make it descriptive of college life generally, and of that life in its peculiar characteristics at Princeton. We are confident of having in some measure succeeded.

In glancing back over the pleasant incidents of the year now closing, incidents connected with our literary work, and some of a personal nature, we regret that our association as a board is ended. It is but another step towards the final parting that rapidly approaches. We thank our friends who have generously extended their assistance on many occasions. We congratulate our contributors on the work they have done. And here we leave it. If prosperity crowns succeeding generations of editors as it has rested on us, our wish shall have been gratified. The interests of the LIT. are dearest to those who have gathered round its board in friendly counsel for its good. We have caught this loyal spirit from preceding classes and pass it on, renewed and intensified, we trust, by our year of service.

THE POETRY OF THE YEAR.

IN OUR first issue the present Board announced a prize to be awarded for the best three short poems of the year. In making this offer we hoped to stimulate our contributors to an earnest contest. We must regret the fact, however, that the verses handed in during the year have not evinced a serious effort on the part of the writers to do their best work. We do not feel justified in awarding a prize to work which is below the LIT. prize standard, as established by past Boards, and we are, therefore, compelled to withdraw our announcement.

GOSSIP.

WHEN a person who writes even a little, looks at his work of the night before, the cold morning light seems to have a peculiar effect upon him. As he reads he does one of three things, smiles in a self-satisfied, flattering manner, a smirk of compassion crosses his features as he murmurs, "We'll let it go," or a look of disgust and despair settles down like a cloud, and there is a blaze in the grate.

The latter expression was reflected this morning, elongated and distorted, from the Gossip's ink-stand top, and the blaze in the grate followed.

The Gossip has found it more of a task to write up his last department than he thought, not because there was nothing to say, but because there was so much. When a person writes, it is better to err on the side of brevity than to approach the long-drawn-out.

As the blaze died away it left a bunch of crackly black ashes, with fringes of red. The Gossip could just catch a trite philosophical remark where the ink showed on the fragile mass, and touched it with the poker. It crumbled to nothingness.

Seeing the ashes reminded him that the coal-bin was empty, and that cold air was full of microbes. Then the Gossip thought of ashes in general. There are ashes of all kinds; we have watched some, and others are still to come.

Ashes of bills, paid and unpaid, very much the same unless the receipt shows, as the philosophical remark did. Ashes of stuff and nonsense, ashes of pledges and good resolutions, ashes of purposes and intentions, carried out or otherwise, good, bad or indifferent, ashes of old love letters, sad, foolish bunches of black, perhaps in mourning for the cremation of a dead love—nobody burns living love letters. And then at last we will sit before the grate of memory and look at the ashes of our life, and we may be tempted to touch them with the poker. Some of us are watching the ashes of our college course, while others have found a grate filled with good, hard coals that they can take with them to build fires that others may watch beside themselves. But a truce to all this; we know it well enough.

The sun is out and shining, and the "swat"—what an ugly, expressive word!—of the base-ball bat is heard in the land. The happiest time of our year's course is coming, and "the grip" is slowly dying out. It doesn't look like snow or rain, at least for a few hours, so let us be gay.

There is a captain of a "horse nine" out back of Edwards' coaching a man on first; he is not very big, this captain, but he makes a lot of noise. "Go down with his arm! Come back here! what's the matter

with you? Take care, now! *what* did I tell you? *Now!* (pause) Out? Look here, Mr. Umpire, that man's foot was not on the base. He stood right here!" &c., &c. That captain is as much in earnest as if he was in a 'Varsity game with our friends in dusty, faded blue. Somebody hits a fly into the out-field, and starts for first with the bat in one hand and his dusty hat in the other. Two fielders start for the ball; one shouts "I've got it! you take it! and both stop and the ball strikes between them; they glare at one another, and the runner—he's dropped the bat—makes a home run. Grand cheering; the captain with the bass voice and the thin legs turns a hand-spring. The catcher pounds his glove with one hand, and then as if to make it lucky, does what the small boy does to his bait. The Gossip feels like a reporter, and shouts out for the score: "Thirteen to twelve; our favor." Good for our side! The bell rings and the game is called, while the specials ask whose class it is.

We will roll into the little depot some time, many times, I hope, in the next few years, on warm spring days, and you may be sure that game will be going on, or one just like it. Ninety-one is going out, not like a candle, but like a regiment through the gateway of a pleasure drill-ground. Some have more ammunition than others, but when they are outside they get their discharge-papers—perhaps—at any rate, they disband, with the privilege of coming back whenever they want to and watch the enlisted men and the recruits. Send recruits, gentlemen! let's have enough to make up a brigade; we have drill-room and able officers.

How sad we all felt to hear that our ranks of veterans—our standing-army of reserves—had lost one we all admired; those that saw or heard of him, while those that knew him loved and respected him. When we looked at that old photograph, faded a little, we would say, "That's Lamar," and point to a thick-set, sturdy figure in a canvas suit, with a frank, manly face. Head set strongly on the round, muscular neck. His death shocked us all, it was so sudden, and the circumstances were so sad it seemed hard to believe. The people of his native town mourned as if they were his family, and his class as if they were his brothers. The college lost a hero whose memory will live and never be forgotten.

The Gossip is going to close, and close shortly, so he will not grow sentimental over his departure from the classic shade—and dust—of the Lit. sanctum, and the ones who, perhaps, read the department in fine print near the end of the magazine. Welcome, our new board. May you have as much pleasure and a bigger, better-paying subscription-list than we did. Good-bye, fellows! Good-bye, our honored and wealthy friend, *The Princetonian*. Good-bye, old disordered rooms. And in a few short weeks good-bye, Ninety-one, good-bye! to meet, we hope, many times. Old Nassau, we will never say Farewell as long as we live; those of us who have hearts and memories and car-fare, we will return.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"

"Friend, ahoy! Farewell! farewell!
Grief unto grief, joy unto joy,
Greeting and help the echoes tell
Faint, but eternal—Friend, ahoy!"

ONE of the most disappointing things in life is the discovery that we can say and do nothing new, that the world is so old that a man can do nothing but walk in the foot-prints of those that have gone before. The Table made this disappointing discovery awhile ago, and therefore realizes that there is nothing new to be said by way of farewell. We have journeyed along for a year in company with the editors of some hundreds of college journals, great and small, and now we can only shake hands with those that are best known to us, and then separate. There is no good reason for making a long ceremony of this farewell, and yet this is The Table's last chance to talk, and this particular Table has always been fond of having his say. Then, too, for once The Table is not bothered by the question, "What shall I write about this time?" The subject for this month is cut and dried. There are various ways in which exchange editors approach the subject. One says: "Our task has been a pleasant one, and we are loth to leave it; our exchanges have been ably conducted, invariably interesting, etc., etc." The man who writes in that way is conscious of the insignificance and shortcomings of his miserable sheet, and seeks, by a parting shower of soft words, to allay harsh criticism. Another editor says: "The office of the exchange editor is thankless and useless, and we are glad to leave it. We have tried to do our duty faithfully, but we can see no good results of our efforts. The exchange department is not read, and, therefore, should be abolished." That man does not mean all that he says; he is merely following the current fad of college journalism—the never-ceasing depreciation of the exchange department. He knows just how eagerly he reads the comments of his exchanges, and he should assume that his own criticisms are read just as eagerly. Then there is the *blasé* editor, who is impressed with the superiority of his own weighty publication, and has found but few occasions during the year to notice his inferiors. He has more than once hinted at unopened wrappers and uncut pages.

He goes away, saying nonchalantly, "We confess that we have not done our duty in the way of criticism, but, really, the game was not worth the candle."

The Table ventures to differ somewhat with each of them. Sometimes the work has been pleasant and sometimes irksome. Our exchanges have sometimes brought us good things, and often the veriest trash. We have not written many criticisms, but we have read our exchanges faithfully enough to get a sufficiently accurate idea of the merit of each. In our criticisms we have sought to distribute praise and blame with impartiality, and we have avoided joining a certain famous fraternity of college journalism—"The Mutual Admiration Society." In the sanctum we have been autocratic in our own department, and we do not like to lay down the sceptre. The Gossip no longer reproves the Table for invading his territory, the Treasurer has become reconciled to our huge exchange list, and altogether the situation is so lovely that we are taking our time about turning over the keys to our successors. But we must go. If that were all; if it were only a transfer of the cares of state from our shoulders to those of others and—as we may say—a retirement to private life, we would shed not a single tear. But this is the beginning of the end. To-day we leave the sanctum, to-morrow the college. We said "to-morrow," and that is almost the truth, for in a few brief weeks the four years' race will be over, and those of us who have not been too badly handicapped will win places. After the play comes the work—for here we have made a mere pretence of work—and some of us are not overjoyed at the thought of real work. That is a terrible confession; don't let the newspapers get hold of it. Sadder yet is the thought of parting from the men with whose lives ours have been inwoven in these four years. For this parting will have no hope of a reunion after the summer vacation; no looking forward to that hearty grasp of the hand with the cheery, "How are you, old man? Glad to see you back." Away with these gloomy thoughts! Come, comrades, let us enjoy the hours that are left to us and then let our goodly company go to meet the future with hearts full of courage and hope. Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we graduate!

From month to month the various metropolitan magazines, upon whose exchange lists we have the good fortune to be, have brought to the Table much enjoyable reading. The conservative *Atlantic Monthly* seems the embodiment of that New England culture which once ruled American thought with such a rigid hand. Scorning a bid for popularity by the use of illustrations, it claims the reader's attention by the intrinsic merit of its articles. In a year's reading we have learned how great that merit is. The *Century Magazine* is in many respects the most enterprising of American magazines. Its forte is the development of a special topic in all its phases. The making of California has been thus treated. The publication of extracts from the famous Talleyrand Memoirs is the *Century's* latest stroke. *Scribner's Magazine* has won a high place among

the publications of its class. Its fiction and verse are of a high standard. In "Jerry" it has had one of the best serial stories of the year. We have found many good things in the editorial department, called "The Point of View." *Lippincott's Magazine* some years ago ventured upon publishing a complete novel each month. The venture was an exceedingly shrewd one and has proved a great success. The great novel-reading public has adopted *Lippincott's* as its pet magazine. "The Light That Failed" is by long odds the best novel published in this magazine during the year. *The Cosmopolitan* is young in years but strong in popularity. With its low price and with its attractive illustrations it has secured a large clientage. Julien Gordon's stories are the most noticeable of its year's fiction.

The Magazine of Art has carried us into another field, and a very delightful companion it has been. Its illustrations are exquisite and its chief charm, although its reading matter is not to be passed by. It is technical enough to please the artist and yet popular enough to suit the layman. *Outing* is a favorite with college men. It occupies a field in which it has no rival. It breathes that pure athletic spirit that is teaching this generation the value of physical health, and it keeps its readers informed upon topics and happenings in all branches of out-door sports.

The University Magazine has changed its form during the year, and seems to have entered on a prosperous career. Its mission is such a good one that we wish it the best success.

Three of our wonted visitors have not been regularly reviewed by us, but they have been, perhaps, the most helpful of all our exchanges. These are the *Nation*, the *Critic* and *Public Opinion*. The *Nation* is a famous teacher in political and literary subjects; the *Critic*, the only purely critical journal in America, exemplifies the reality and value of careful criticism; and *Public Opinion*, with its careful selection from its contemporaries, the best thoughts on all sorts of topics, leaves a man with no excuse for not being well informed.

The Harvard Monthly, with its simple black and white cover, is the best looking of our college exchanges. It is not bulky, seeking quality rather than quantity. Its verse is of a high order, its fiction is good, and its critical work, when it does not get into the clouds of ultra-aestheticism, surpasses that of most amateurs. The *Yale Lit.* has maintained a very uniform standard, with no marked excellences or defects. Its long poems have been better than the short ones. The essays have been much less weighty than in former years.

The Vassar Miscellany is the best magazine published in a woman's college. Its exchange department is conducted in a most conscientious and a really critical way. *The Wellesley Prelude* appears too frequently to have a chance for much literary excellence, although we had occasion to call attention to one sketch of surpassing merit.

It is impossible to say which is the better of the rival *Lits.* of Amherst and Williams. "The Window Seat," in the former, is always readable.

The Williams Lit. publishes rather the better verse. *The Dartmouth Lit.* and the *Brown Magazine* are quite equal to the two just mentioned. *The Southern Collegian*, the *Virginia University Magazine* and the *University of the South Magazine* are by far the best of Southern publications. The first excels in its verse, the second in fiction. The West has no college publication reaching the dignity of a magazine. *The Harvard Advocate* and the *Yale Courant* are in a class by themselves. The former, by publishing such *risqué* stories as "Marvin, the Half-Back," and "Behind the Curtain," has become the "*Town Topics*" of college journalism. The *Courant* stories are usually rather lurid.

The fame of the *Brunonian* still rests on its "Brown Verse." We had expected a decline in this department, owing to the existence of a distinctively literary magazine at Brown. The *Trinity Tablet* is the best of its class. *The Lehigh Burr* has a most eccentric exchange editor. One month he converses with his Muse in Pennsylvania Dutch, and at another time he relieves his agitated feelings by swearing in half a dozen languages. His imagination is decidedly unique. Of all our exchanges the *Yale Record* has made the most marked improvement during the year, and it is now the peer of the *Harvard Lampoon*. Some of the *Record's* illustrations are as good as anything in *Life*. *The Columbia Spectator*, *The Harvard Crimson*, *Yale News*, *U. of M. Daily*, *College Topics*, *The Pennsylvania*, the *Williams Weekly* and the *Amherst Student* have kept the Table informed on current college news. The *Red and Blue*, *Swarthmore Phoenix*, the *Lafayette* and a hundred others have been welcome visitors, and we regret that space forbids our talking about them.

A time-honored custom requires us to make a parting review of our Princeton contemporaries, and we accept the opportunity gladly.

The Princetonian has had a prosperous year, financially and otherwise, and we tender our congratulations. The '90 Boards of the *Princetonian* and the *LIT.* engaged in a most unpleasant quarrel which we rejoice to say their successors have not continued. During this year either sanctum has ever had the latch-string out for the editors of the other and the two publications have been in perfect accord. The *Princetonian* has been in the main well conducted; the news departments have displayed more attention than in the past, and the editorials have been independent in tone, usually representative of college sentiment, and have always carried weight. The department of Literary Criticism, in which the *Princetonian* departs from the domain of the newspaper pure and simple, have shown a tendency to monopolize editorial and news space, and the editor has occasionally reviewed publications which are beneath his dignity—*Vick's Floral Guide*, for instance. We believe that the *Princetonian* should be a daily, and we regret that the recently-chosen editors do not seem inclined to accept the advice of their predecessors regarding the change. During the year the *Tiger* appeared once more among us and we are glad that this time it has come to stay. It is a success because it

meets a need, because it occupies a long-vacant field, which the growth of the University made evident should be filled. The *Tiger* has made marked improvement in appearance and in contents, has overcome a tendency to deal too much with inebricated subjects, and has weathered a dangerous storm raised by a playful fling at the Princeton Annex. The thanks of all are due the gentlemen who have made the *Tiger* venture a success, and we offer our "youthful" contemporary the very best wishes for the future.

Good verse was extremely rare in the March exchanges, but we have selected some that is worth reading:

THE MARK OF THE ROSE.

I opened the book before me—
Between its leaves there lay
A rose, all withered and dried and dead,
Whose fragrance had passed away.

The rose was brown and dull,
But I saw a faint red stain,
For the page was marked with the rose's blood
On the spot where it long had lain.

And now the book of my life
Lies open before my eyes;
There, too, I find a treasured rose,
And crowding fancies rise.

And this rose may fade and die,
And its perfume vanish away,
But its mark on the pages of my heart
Shall last forever and aye.

—*Yale Lit.*

THE RIVER.

Lazily, lazily, creeping along,
Murmuring ever its dreamy song,
Through the meadow and by the sea
Flows the river to meet the sea.

Now in the shadow and now in the sun,
In and out the deep waters run;
Seeming to hold a mystery
Down in their dark depth's secrecy.

Many years has the river flowed
Through the meadow, beneath the road,
Many a tale might the waters tell
Gliding along by hill and dell.

So on its mission it flows along,
Humming its dreamy, musical song,
Ever pursuing its quiet way,
Lazily, lazily, day after day.

—*Brunonian.*

NATURE.

FROM THE RAMAYANA OF VALMIKI.

Deep sympathy with all her children, Nature,
A universal mother, shows. All smiles and blushes
In the early dawn, awakens she the young and joyous,
And with them hopes and wonders. On the bold and ardent
Brightly, hotly she flashes at noon. At twilight hour
Dreams with the languid, and in the night's dark shades
Steals up to the mourner, and puts her sweet face close to his.
The tortured soul she burdens not with words
Of comfort—Time is Sorrow's one true comforter.
Upon his aching eyes she lays her hands,
Mysterious and cool, and woos from them
The consolation of tears. The bursting heart
She touches; snapped are all the painful bonds
That held the overflowing anguish: Tenderly
She clasps him in her soft dark arms, and bids
Him tell his grief, while silently she listens.

—*Yale Courant.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND. EDITED BY DUC DE BROGLIE. TRANSLATED BY R. L. DE BEAUFORT, F. R. HIST. S. VOL. I. \$2.50. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. R. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

For the first time the recollections of the noted Prince Talleyrand are given to the public. The stipulation imposed by the Prince himself upon his legatees was that these memoirs should not be exposed to public scrutiny until thirty years after his death. Thus the prevailing belief that he possessed some dangerous secrets was confirmed. Fifty-two years have passed and the Duc de Broglie has at last issued the Memoirs of Talleyrand, the first volume being before us. The editor, in a lengthy preface, explains Talleyrand's wish about these memoirs, and enters himself into some of the details of the Prince's career, dwelling upon his connection with Louis XVIII. The recollections are divided into two distinct periods, the first extending from his birth to 1815, the close of his ministry under Louis XVIII; the second commencing after the revolution of 1830 and embracing chiefly an account of his mission to England. He was considered by many a dangerous enemy to French Republicanism. They brand him as merely the tool of the Empire. Many of his actions and words confute this imputation. His course in the Congress of Vienna attests his loyalty to French interests. The Constituent Assembly and his coöperation with Napoleon are the other remarkable periods of his life. The memoirs speak little of the former, but contribute valuable information regarding the latter, and bring to public gaze evidence unknown before. He throws strong light upon the questionable points of Napoleon's career, condemning him fiercely, assailing him at times with terrific invective. Talleyrand played a difficult but significant rôle in the changes of the French government. He was powerful in the legislature, he was active in execution, he was efficient on foreign embassy, and we venture to say that he was sincere and loyal. If his place hitherto has been limited, it has been because his true position and work were unknown.

We congratulate the publishers on the form of this series. All the incidentals, the binding, the illustrations, the *fac-simile* cuts, the typography, conspire to make it invaluable.

THE SISTERS' TRAGEDY AND OTHER POEMS. BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Many rhymes, many verses, have been published in America in the last ten years, but there has been very little poetry. Sometimes we have thought that the Muse had no smiles for the New World. The

poets of America may be counted on the fingers of one hand—Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Whittier. We are mere amateurs in the art of criticism, and have no claim to be heard but our love of good literature, yet we venture to add—for ourselves, if not for others—one name to the roll of great American poets, that of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. In the thirty-four poems in this book Mr. Aldrich has shown himself an adept in the use of the delicate machinery of versification, but his greatest charm lies in the exquisite blending of the poetic instinct that nature alone can give and the æsthetic sense that comes from genuine culture. The tone of these poems is uniformly high; there is no stooping to play the clown nor to juggle with the trite. Music, feeling, art, are found in every poem. Mr. Aldrich gives evidence of the influences of Tennyson, but is in no danger of the charge of imitation. In some verses on Tennyson he answers, as we would have him answer, the question:

"Shakespeare and Milton—what third blazoned name
Shall lips of after-ages link to these?"

"The Sisters' Tragedy," which gives the name to the volume, although marked by depth of feeling and dramatic power, is scarcely the best of these poems. "Alec Yeaton's Son" brings to mind "The Wreck of the Hesperus." "An Elective Course" appeals to us as college men. We quote from "The Last Cesar" a bit of descriptive verse, that is surpassed by few, if any:

"So mused I, sitting underneath the trees
In that old garden of the Tuilleries,
Watching the dust of twilight sifting down
Through chestnut boughs just touched with autumn's brown—
Not twilight yet, but that illusive bloom
Which holds before the deep-etched shadows come;
For still the garden stood in golden mist,
Still, like river of molten amethyst,
The Seine slept through its spans of fretted stone,
And, near the grills that once fenced in a throne,
The fountains still unbraided to the day
The unsubstantial silver of their spray."

REPRESENTATIVE IRISH TALES. COMPILED BY W. B. YEATES. 2
Vols. \$2.00. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Representative Irish Tales is the title of a fascinating little combination in two volumes of *Knickerbocker Nuggets*, compiled by W. B. Yeates and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. There is a charm in the Irish character that is only brought out by Irish writers. In these two little volumes, so easy to hold in one hand and to enjoy in the study or anywhere else, the Putnams have given the lovers of "Hours of Pleasant Reading" a godsend. *Lever and Lover* are endeared to us all in their longer works which are replete with the stories of *Micky Free* and *Handy Andy*. Here we have the best of them in the good company of Charles Kickham, Crocker and Magison, Carleton, Griffin and Bannin, with the capital

sketches of Misses Edgeworth and Mulholland. To the lovers of Irish wit and character, and the enjoyers of a well published and compiled book of short stories, we can recommend these charming little volumes.

A GUIDE-BOOK TO THE POETIC AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF
ROBERT BROWNING. BY GEORGE WILLIS COOKE. (BOSTON AND
NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

In a recent number of the "Forum" Mr. Edward Gosse, in his somewhat paradoxical style, bemoaned the fact that our poets were being edited for the benefit of the schoolboy. The tenor of his thought was that the best things even are not treated as sacred, and to be enjoyed in happy leisure moments, but the copious notes of an officious school-master must needs intrude themselves most inopportunately between the lines of our classic poems. And he intimated that never before, except, perhaps, it might have been among critics of the Alexandrian school, has there been such a body of men eager to put their archæologic insight to the task of discovering some forgotten verse-writer, and of dressing him up with many friendly comments, in order that he may take the eye of the public. While such an effort at revival may sometimes be justified—may, indeed, be justified in some cases where the editor really desires to show off his newly found treasure, and not merely to make a parade of his own erudition—yet it may be doubted whether such a method should be adopted toward a recent writer. It might be claimed that if an author could not make his meaning intelligible to his own age, his own age had not the time to trouble itself about him. Nevertheless, the fact remains that we do have our doting Browningites who pore over the archives of their society in order to wrest a meaning from the delphic words of the master. And here we have a book which professes to carry us safely over the deeps and shallows of Mr. Browning's verse, and to land us in the fair haven of his philosophy. And, so far as we have examined the book, we think it calculated to prove a safe guide. Its special aim is to give the historical materials upon which Mr. Browning has built the fabric of his dramatic and lyrical work. There has been much dispute among the critics as to just what source Mr. Browning's obscurity is due; some claiming that it arises from his involved grammatical construction, and others emphasizing the multiplicity of his allusions. For getting over the first difficulty the reader can expect no help from Mr. Cooke, but as a valuable assistance in the second, he may have recourse to this alphabetically arranged account of the sources of Mr. Browning's poetry.

CHAPTERS ON THE THEORY AND HISTORY OF BANKING.

BY CHARLES F. DUNBAR. \$1.25. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

A great deal of the material in this book was originally used by Prof. Dunbar in lectures to his classes in political economy, at Harvard.

Other chapters have been added, the most important of which is that which treats of combined reserves or the system of clearing-house loan certificates. The author dispels the mystery which is popularly supposed to cling to banking operations, and shows that a banker's success depends upon his honesty, prudence and knowledge of men and affairs. The advantages and the dangers of banking are viewed from the standpoint of general business, and the once-prevalent prejudice against banks is shown to be born of ignorance. Prof. Dunbar, in an admirable way, explains the various details of the banking business, and devotes some chapters to the history of banking, examining especially the banks of Amsterdam, France, England and Germany, and the national banks of the United States. We regret that Prof. Dunbar does not offer any solution for the existing questions regarding the future of our national banking system. The book is a valuable one for the student and an interesting one for the "general reader," although the latter will probably find fault with the use of foot-notes.

MY LADY NICOTINE. By J. M. BARRIE. (NEW YORK: THE CASELL PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

After reading Mr. Barrie's volume we would like to sit down and have a pipe of "Arcadia Mixture" with him, and we would bind ourselves to secrecy and say nothing to his good wife, who hates tobacco. What a tribute to the soothing weed, and yet how moral! If you want a pleasant evening before the fire, with a reading lamp at your back, pick up this charming book, light your pipe, and begin anywhere. We know "Jimmy" very well, and most of us possess a "Romulus" if not a "Remus." There is a little cynical touch that runs through the essay sketches that makes the "good advice" very harmless. It will not disturb your sleep or smoking. In an easy, literary style, with a vein of consistent insincerity in it, the book has a charm that to bachelor or married man cannot be withstood.

THE HISTORIC NOTE-BOOK. By REV. E. COBHAM BREWER, LL.D.
\$3.50. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

The volume before us is the final one of a series of three manuals, the others being "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" and "The Reader's Hand-book." The value of the latter has already become recognized. They have proved excellent helps for the elucidation of hidden meanings in words and phrases, which involve a reference to fable or character, and in the correct interpretation of the best literary productions of ancient and modern times. The "Historic Note-book" undertakes a similar mission in the collection and brief narration of important and interesting events. Many of the incidents that find place in this volume are such as could be procured only by long search and in places not readily accessible. Besides historic incidents, the author has collated

numerous customs, characteristics and names. The most prominent societies and other organizations of all time are fully described. Notable personages, their deeds, titles and characters are included. Hardly a name of any significance in political, religious, philosophical or literary spheres has been omitted from this compact and well-arranged list. The author's descriptions are terse, pertinent, attractive. He has the faculty of making his sentences bristle with information. His arrangement of materials is especially excellent. One is not compelled to hunt through the book or follow out a train of references to arrive at the desired section. By selecting the most important word in the phrase, we can get the kernel of thought for the whole, with many side lights, which are suggestive and helpful. The aids to pronunciation are often valuable. Sometimes, also, he inserts a quotation from standard writers to show the use of the phrase or word. One other commendable peculiarity that he employs to good advantage is the method of combining, under a generic head, all the special divisions, so that in finding one we can glance at all *seriatim*. The appendix contains a collection of the important battles in the world's history.

DICTIONARY OF IDIOMATIC ENGLISH PHRASES. BY JAMES MAIN DIXON, M. A., F. R. S. E. (LONDON AND NEW YORK: T. NELSON AND SONS.)

The English language is singularly rich in idiomatic expressions that need more than a general law to explain their composition and use. To obviate the oft-recurring difficulty of thinking out the proper interpretation of these, Prof. Dixon has prepared the Dictionary before us, which, though modest in size, contains a very full list of our common phrases. He has divided these words and phrases into four classes, according to a grade of descending dignity, Prose, Conversational, Familiar and Slang. His divisions are somewhat arbitrary. He assigns certain phrases to the "conversational" class which he declares are eligible for use in polite society, while others he relegates to the class of "familiar," stamping them as only to be employed "among intimates." The definitions are accurate, clearly put and well arranged. The author has made the arrangement alphabetical, in order to facilitate the investigator's work or solve more easily the questioner's puzzle. We like his method of clinching every definition by examples from recognized authorities, and, though some of these authorities are not what we consider standard, their words are carefully weighed. This volume has a distinct place among reference books.

THE SPECULATOR. BY CLINTON ROSS. 50c. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This book is not, as might be inferred from the title, a practical application of economic principles. Nor does it discuss exchange from an

ethical point of view. It is rather a pleasing sketch of society, redolent of music, the dance, love and a metropolitan life. It finds its basis, however, in the practical, utilitarian spirit of our age. It is truly an American story. The possession of the dollar is the passport to society. Ostentation leads to failure. Wild-cat schemes and rash investments meet their deserved fate. Much power is shown in sketch, but especially to be noted is the pathos revealed in the portraiture of the downfall of the central character. Money and speculation are the burden of its song, hence the appropriateness of title. Well bound, neatly printed, a story racily told, this work well deserves a reading.

THE PRIMES AND THEIR NEIGHBORS. BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

This book of sketches, ten in number, breathes the spirit and life of the old South—the South before the war. We like to read of that calm, quiet Southern life, a land where it seems to be always afternoon. The stories are sweetly and simply told from the author's old-time wealth of thought and story. With the exception of the last sketch, they are written in a light and easy tone. The reader is charmed with the sparkling wit and humor, mingled now and then with shrewd and practical thoughts. Perhaps the best of these short sketches, and the one which would interest college men the most, is the "New Discipline at Rock Spring Academy." Samuel Cox, by his rare humor and good nature, brought order out of chaos at Rock Spring Academy. We have all met the kind old man, Mr. Prime, the principal character in first sketch, which gives the title to the book. The climax of the good old soul's misfortunes is found in the scene in which his virago wife meets him with a shot-gun, and persuades him, not kindly, but forcibly, to spend a few weeks in the cotton-house. All of Mr. Johnston's people are simple and homelike, moving quietly in their narrow horizon of life. Living in a world of dreams, perchance troubled dreams, rather than in the vivid consciousness which springs from an awakened intellect, they develop but a small part of the great possibilities which the Creator has implanted in the human breast. The author seldom attempts other effects than those of humor. The last sketch, "The Pursuit of the Martyns," is written in a more serious tone, and appears to give ballast to the rest of the book. Here the author strikes the deeper notes of passion. It is a story of envy, jealousy and murder. The character of Susan Morgan stands out in amazing and striking beauty against this dark background. The publishers have given these tales a tasteful dress.

THE IRON GAME, A TALE OF THE WAR. BY HENRY K. KEENAN. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

The novel that "takes the dull facts of history and weaves them into a romance" is in the lead to-day. The future development of novels

must be largely along the line of the historical. Our late war is the scene and the inspiration of this book. It is the old story told in a new and interesting way. The plot turns on the adventures of two old college chums—one wore the blue, the other the gray—and the terrible and tragic meeting in the heat of battle. The author is especially happy in his descriptions, for we have whole pages of pictures, all real and lifelike. We can almost see poor homesick Jack, toiling through the dust on parade day, looking with envy on his sister, who, dressed in her cool white muslin, looks down on him from a veranda. Olympia, Jack's sister—all soldiers have sisters—is the most interesting character of the novel. She is a jolly college-bred girl, a fair maiden sitting in the lap of womanhood. She can best be described by quoting the lines which she gave to Captain Malbrok for his sword blade:

" The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

DRINKING WATER AND ICE SUPPLIES. BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN, M. D. 75c. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This charming little book has immediate practical value, dealing with the commonest things of life in an instructive and interesting way. One often forgets how great a rôle water plays in life and how vital is its relation to health and disease. No householder could read this book without feeling the need of better sanitary laws. All precautions against impure water and polluted ice are distinctly and clearly set forth. One of the most interesting chapters in the whole book is the one on the latest of modern inventions, artificial ice, the manufacture of which in our great cities has already reached mammoth proportions. The author uses clear, limpid English. The little excursions and digressions which the author takes from water ways to the inland and mountains come in so naturally that we do not lose the thread of his story or the practical aim of the book, viz., to arouse people to a more diligent attention to sanitary laws.

THE EPIC OF THE INNER LIFE: BEING THE BOOK OF JOB TRANSLATED ANEW AND ACCOMPANIED WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY. BY JOHN F. GENUNG. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This work is a revision and completion of the study outlined in an article on "The Interpretation of the Book of Job," published in the *Andover Review* for November, 1888. The author's point of view is well expressed in the remark of Matthew Arnold, that the Bible is a literary and not a scientific production. Mr. Genung regards the book as a sacred epic, and feels that if we should make for it no demand but the literary demand, the book would prove itself not less sacred, rather more, "while also it would gain greatly by stepping out of its age-con-

structed frame of abstruse erudition into common people's homes and hearts." The revision is made with a view to bringing out the epic character of the work and reproduce, as far as may be, the strong and vivid coloring of the Hebrew poem. In this effort the author has succeeded in producing a translation which throws new light and beauty upon a much-misunderstood book.

PAOLI THE LAST OF THE MISSIONARIES. By W. C. KITCHIN.
ILLUSTRATED. (NEW YORK: ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.)

Every now and then we come across a book with a misleading title. This is one of them. If a novel has such a striking title that one's curiosity is aroused, it is rather a merit than otherwise. At first sight one would naturally think this a story of missionary endeavor, and though we may not like to confess it, such an idea is not likely to attract the average reader. But the reviewer must read whether he wills or no, and in the reading of this novel we have been very agreeably disappointed. It is the story of the last brave stand and the overthrow of the Christians in Japan in the seventeenth century. Paoli was the sole survivor of a goodly company of Jesuits who had planted the Cross in Japan. There is always a fascination about these Jesuit pioneers, and when we read of their bravery and devotion, we are fain to forgive them their questionable methods. Paoli, the warrior-bishop, was a stay to his friends and a terror to his foes, and as we almost hear the thrilling war-cry, "Paoli! Paoli to the rescue!" there is one character in fiction of which we are irresistibly reminded—that of Rienzi, in Bulwer's great novel. Who has not been stirred by those words of hope and promise, "Rienzi shall return?" So much for the history in this novel. There is love as well as war. Marmion Beaumont, the gallant young Englishman, and Una, the Eurasian, find happiness after pent and darkness. Ine Yanaka, the betrothed of the faithless Nirado Shiro, goes down to death with her well-beloved people. Prince Nabeshima is, next to Paoli himself, the most interesting character. Although the author's style is not faultless, and although he is occasionally guilty of anachronisms, he has certainly written a novel of thrilling interest.

LESSONS IN ASTRONOMY, INCLUDING URANOGRAPHY, A BRIEF INTRODUCTORY COURSE. By CHARLES A. YOUNG, PH. D., LL.D. (BOSTON AND LONDON: GINN & COMPANY.)

Princeton men will be glad to see another publication from the distinguished astronomer whose work has reflected so much honor upon the University. This volume has been prepared to meet the want of certain classes of schools which find the author's "Elements of Astronomy" rather too extended and mathematical to suit their course and pupils. It is based upon the Elements, but with many condensations, simplifications, and changes of arrangement. The most important

change in arrangement has been in bringing the Uranography or "constellation tracing" into the body of the text and placing it near the beginning, the object being to enable students to begin with the concrete. We predict that this volume will be considerably used in college by men who prefer to avoid the mathematics of the larger work.

PRIMER OF ETHICS. By B. B. COMEGYS. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

This is a practical text-book on Ethics, for use in our common schools as distinct from the theoretical exposition upon the subject which find a place in our higher seats of learning. As the writer admits in his preface, it is essentially but a new edition of Jacob Abbott's "The Rollo Code of Morals." Well, indeed, would it be for future generations if every schoolboy in our country was intimately acquainted with the truths set forth in this little volume. We think that the book before us has fulfilled in a very able manner the need set forth by Charles Dudley Warner, as follows: "Should present the principles of the moral conduct in the clearest and simplest manner; that is, the fundamental ideas of right and wrong, the proper relation in the family of parent and child, of the young to the old, of inferior to superior, * * the duties in all their relations as well as the rights."

UNDER THE PRINCETON ELMS AND THE PRINCETON IDEA.

By GEORGE R. WALLACE. 25c. COPIES WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, POSTAGE PREPAID, ON RECEIPT OF 30c., BY A. L. ROWLAND, PRINCETON BOOK STORE, PRINCETON, N. J.

We once heard a student of America's oldest university say that he did not like Princeton men because they were "too enthusiastic." Perhaps there are other outsiders who find Princeton loyalty a trifle too obtrusive, but we are sure they will understand it and pardon it if they read this little book. Mr. Wallace has revised and enlarged two sketches which were published originally in the *LIT.* Of these "Under the Princeton Elms" is decidedly the better. Life at Princeton is sketched in an easy, gossiping way that leaves with the reader something of "the indefinable charm of that spirit which lingers about Nassau Hall." The pamphlet is well printed and has a tasteful cover. It will certainly fulfill its mission as a messenger from the various sectional clubs, and will be read with interest by many an "enthusiastic" alumnus.

BORIS LENSKY. By OSSIP SCHUBIN. TRANSLATED BY ELISE L. LATHROP. 50c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON CO.)

Some months ago we had occasion to review Ossip Schubin's "Asbein," which gave us the first view of the hero of the novel before us. Boris Lensky, the great Russian virtuoso, is reputed to play the devil's music; at any rate he is almost irresistibly attractive to women. In the first novel we saw his wooing of Natalie Assanon, their marriage, estrange-

ment and final reconciliation. In this later story we see him after he has reached the summit of life, as he goes down hill. It is a sad, strong story of a great man who pays the penalty for letting the animal in him dominate his life. He finds his punishment in an intolerable restlessness and in the woes of his children, Nikolai and Mascha. His intense love for his children is his redeeming trait, and he suffers untold agony in his son's very natural estrangement from him, and in the disgrace of his beloved but unguarded daughter. In the evening of his life he undertakes a new concert tour to make money for his daughter, and we have a touching picture of his struggle with his failing powers. New inspiration returns to him just before he dies, and his last effort, his swan-song, brings back the applause.

"A BRAVE WOMAN." FROM THE GERMAN OF E. MARLITT. TRANSLATED BY MARGARET P. WATERMAN. 50c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON COMPANY.)

This is a delightful story of high life in Germany. In sustained interest and brilliant scenes, it is excelled by none of Marlitt's novels. The characters are drawn with an exactness which shows a careful study of human nature. The Baron Mainan marries the daughter of an impoverished Countess, in order to revenge himself on the faithless Duchess. Though not feeling any love for the lonely girl at the time of their marriage, he is at last won, by her noble and womanly character, to a deep and lasting affection for her. The character of Juliana charms us from the first. The drawing of the Hofmarschall is finely executed, and shows us an old man with character warped by bigotry and pride. It is with satisfaction that we close the book and leave the Baron and his second wife to their happy future.

A DRAUGHT OF LETHE. THE ROMANCE OF AN ARTIST. BY ROY TILLET. 50c. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

We had occasion some time ago to call attention to the contemporary novelist's fondness for artist heroes. We have here another instance. The author makes no pretensions to writing an epoch-making novel. He knows his public, and he writes to suit that public's taste. His *forte* is the use of striking situations. The first one we encounter is quite unique. The artist visits a dead-house in a city in South Germany and notes the peculiar custom of fastening a bell-rope in the hand of each corpse. One of the dead is a beautiful young girl. While the sexton is telling him of instances of the bell's ringing, the bell rings. Of course it is rung by the young girl. When she is aroused from her trance she is found to have lost her memory. As her past was tangled and troubled this proves a quite convenient "Draught of Lethe." The artist falls in love with her, and after many difficulties he lays the ghosts of her mysterious past. Ethleen's memory returns and the tale ends in the

approved manner. Dr. Falck, the inventor of the "Wooralform," the only perfect anæsthetic, is the most intense character in the book.

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS. BY MABEL HART. 50c. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

This novel, dealing with the sojourn of two young English artists of the gentler sex in that land of painters and home of art, gives us also a very characteristic insight into the villainous side of the Italian nature, and a very graphic picture of its more excitable elements. It is written in easy, flowing style, and the development of the plot is very simply and naturally wrought out. Ugo, the hero of the book, is of that firm, high principled type so exaggerated in "Donovan." On the eve of the final departure of the fair Englishwomen (one of whom he adored) he nerves himself to a recital of his love, which is so couched that the maidenly modesty of the other forbids a happy conclusion of the interview (for she too is in love). He was led to this course by a feeling of utter unworthiness, which, blended with his (supposed) knowledge that she would be acting perfectly naturally in spurning him, influenced him to make the declaration simply for his own gratification. But the character must be read to be appreciated. The darker element of the book is of interest just now, as it shows the characteristics of that hot-blooded race, which has found a domicile for some of its worst types in a Southern city of our hospitably inclined land.

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND ART. LECTURES AND DISCUSSIONS BEFORE THE BROOKLYN ETHICAL ASSOCIATION. FORTNIGHTLY. 10c. EACH; \$1.70 PER YEAR. No. 1, ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE; BY EDWARD D. COPE, PH.D. No. 2, ERNEST HÆCKEL; BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.)

This new series promises some valuable monographs upon subjects bearing upon the general question of evolution. The Lectures, which are before us in pamphlet form, discuss ably, though partially, two leaders of the evolution forces. Each lecture is followed by some of the remarks made by members of the Association addressed. Taught as we are that the evolution theory is probable, but not proved, we are startled to find in one of these discussions the following statement by Mr. Nelson J. Gates: "The intelligent world owes a debt of gratitude to Prof. Hæckel. It is due to his labors, mainly, that the doctrine of evolution is now as well established as Kepler's laws of the motions of the planetary bodies, or Newton's law of gravitation." Perhaps!

CALENDAR.

MARCH 2D.—New rules on room occupancy appeared.....Mam Meeting of College for election of foot-ball officers, in English room, at noon—Max Farrand, '92, President; George Frazer, '93, Treasurer.

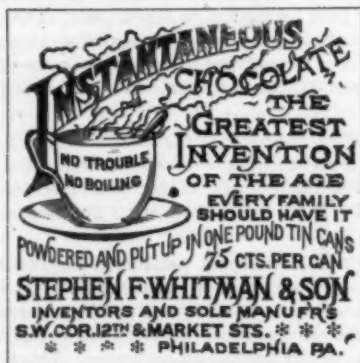
MARCH 6TH.—Whig Hall Sophomore Oratorical Contest. First prize, T. Turner; second, H. Thompson.....Announcement of Freshman baseball dates.

The Finest Confections,

The Finest Chocolates,

The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnières.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,
Hickorynut
Bar,
Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,
Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,
Black
Walnut
Bar,
Molasses
Chips,
Almond
Nougatine,
Hand Plait
Mint.

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